THE METAPHOR OF METAMORPHOSIS

Kimber-Lee Basson

POETRY COLLECTION

THE METAPHOR OF METAMORPHOSIS

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The Metaphor of Metamorphosis

The story of how the caterpillar transforms into the butterfly has been used as a metaphor for the process of transforming states of consciousness from one dimension to another and undergoing a dived experience that leads to a new persona, perception, and evolution.

We were all caterpillars, now we are butterflies.

Acknowledgements

Thank you, friends, and strangers.

Thank you to my family.

Thank you for seeing me, considering me and for existing in my world. Life itself has had a myriad of possibilities with you in it.

Thank you for setting me free.

Preface

I was given life

My mom loves writing therefore I shall love writing. I owned my very own pink diary, aged 8. A diary I got from a cousin, whom I have always gotten birthday gifts from. Being an artist runs in our family but pursuing our artistic dreams wasn't an option back then nor were silver platters given out freely.

I am the daughter of two lovely yet strict parents. They made the necessary sacrifices throughout our childhoods, and they were the first humans to have my heart shattered into pieces of emotional torture. To watch them wound and weaken each other tormented me as a kid. We were kids. The kids from broken homes in broken environments, a place we will always call home. Forgiving their mistakes became endless, even until today.

My second heartbreak happened when my brother, Valentino had cut me out of our first portrait photo together. We all want the other piece of the teared-up photo. I am deeply rooted and admiringly invested in anything related to photography and English literature. I recognize the beauty in many vast forms. The perspectives, traumas, and calamity. It goes without saying that at the

end of the day, we are all artists. I cannot see it yet; I can only feel it. As I age, I evolve, I see better and now I want better. Some, never get this chance. Heartbreaks are crucial. Heartbreaks are imperative. We cannot live without them.

This short poetry novel will take you through the experiences and adventures throughout my life. Very briefly and intensely unapologetic. It is based on real-life events of heartache, acceptance, and exploration. I believe God or the universe has sent me to write my story. Exploring my identity and wholesomely my God-given talents.

CHAPTER 1

Love and Loss

I am throwing myself into the craft of love.
Into the craft of complex trauma.

Attached pieces of life exists only here.
An insatiable desire for what's to come.

Scream my name into the mountains.
The freedom of liberation and love.

Plant me like a hyacinth in full sun
Protect me as if I was unbroken
Page me through your romantic novels
Park me in your temporal lobe
Paint me unapologetically as your muse

It is tulip season in the Netherlands
The soil in the polders continuously drained
It creates the perfect growing conditions
for tulip bulbs

Do not deprive me of love
It might be all I have left.

We were antonyms
The chemical imbalance
An erupted Yellowstone Creek volcano

We were lost in translation
Our bodies equally in contemplation
This has to be it

The myriad form of intoxication.

A glacial naked body
A poetic equivalent of representation
Governed in your mind as an option of versatility
I was only one of your many drafts
How naïve of me to think that this,
this was love at first sight.

You couldn't love me for what I was
Instead, you used me for what I wasn't

You couldn't touch me for my flaws
Instead, you visualized me into perfection

You couldn't nurture my garden
Instead, you justified your weaknesses

Let us find peace in the notion of the
significant inconvenience.

Lure me back to The Merchant's House
Two hundred islands scattered along the coastline
Whitewashed villages and post-card perfect sunsets

An offering for me,
for you,
for everyone

Your deep blue oceanic organ of sight
Your wistful thin-lipped smirk
Explicit memories are now lodged in the hippocampus

Burn the letters
Toss out the belongings
You shot me while standing tall.

They desire her purloined energy
They applaud her femme fatale
The lustful compliments she drowned in
The low regard for her intellect

"They are hazel," she mutters

Her zest and zeal disregarded
Her merit neglected
Truthfully her mind still vacant
Vacant for him.

Unhealed and ghosted
Conventional and displeased
May you learn to let your guard down
Detonate your whole inner being

If not for thyself,
For her?

You didn't believe in me,
and you didn't wait for me either
Clothed in my nakedness
Unescorted and fragile
Without you.

Healing is about accepting, not forgetting

I accept your punished abandonment
I accept your bones under my white covers
I accept your dark-roasted brew

Your undesired effort
Your safekeeping intoxication
I accept how I loved you

Three days and counting…

Lung scarring and shortness of breath
Unsettled for the lesser life
No affection
No respect

Marginal adjustments for catastrophic loss
She is no longer a spectator
She is the participant.

Indian oceans away, I carry the hefty weight
I couldn't retire my bones and make you tea
Let me reveal how I shiver when I utter your name

Am I afraid of commitment like my mother?
Will I ever stop running like my father?
The void is mine to carry

The heartache isn't.

The truth is inevitable
Bare, naked, and melancholic
Denied for my nourishment
Stolen for my joy
Protect the unbroken
At all given costs.

Enclosed by the four walls
Locked in your echo chambers
How dare you convince me I'm not appealing?

With galaxies, I am full
My desertion cup overflows
Blood red lips, awfully your first grip

A broken theory I held on for far too long.

Lonesome in your sky loft
Unavailable to everyone at low-cost
Desired for your support
Lost in translation for what I thought
Deeply distraught
Embraced by the element of feeling like a nought

At your discretion, unlucky and unfortunate
Whilst it all happened in your fort.

He is requesting permission

Grip-lock your fingers in mine and allow me to put an embryo inside you
Allow me to perceive you
Devour you alive and then gulp you down
For whom am I, to be allowed?

I want to be yours; will you be mine?
Permission denied
I will not be a mistake
I am not a mistake.

She doesn't answer his questions with answers
She doesn't know how much he actually likes olives

The dialogue.
Him: Why are you not in my bedroom?
Her: Because I am in mine.
Him: But you like mine?

I lied and told him he was perfect like his mother did when he was five
"I love you."
Sincerely, he didn't lie.

She's sophomoric and immature
Counterintuitive
Claimed as a mutual responsibility
Perhaps you are her second father?
Perhaps you should abandon her as she travels through her metamorphic stage?

Or.

Be in denial as her loving father
You do not deserve her.

Oh, how lonely you felt
Upon arrival, I was ready for departure
Your grey walls had me stoned cold
Your dark skies had me bleak
Your earthlings had me confused
Liberal with a bittersweet goodbye to Berlin.

Leave some morphine at my door
The bottle of agave
still lodged in my head

Take my hand, take my
whole life too

I get a notion from the look in your eyes
An emotional imbalance
of what the truth should look like

That's what makes the beginning so invigorating
You don't know what will happen until it's over.

Reborn for rejection
Rebirth for wealth
Regifted with potential

Regained by strength
Reinvented for herself
Daisy safe, but the scent rose wild

She loved
She's losing
She didn't lose.

What day is it?
I have been a blur
Real-life events have occurred
A fur coat is supposed to keep you warm
A fur coat keeps out the harsh wind and rain
I didn't know fur coats could leave you with pain
I understand,
normally the plain and grey fur coats
are already well explained.

Doses of patience and perseverance
The full Moon is nowhere near bright enough to blot-out Capella
I am moving gradually
Look east and you'll find me

Carry on up towards the sky above you
You're not sensitive enough
What a damn fool.

CHAPTER 2

Love and Loyalty

Mama always asked: “Why would you be friends with people who don’t want to be friends with you?”

A neighbourhood full of bustle and hustle
Your feet stepped in glass and your stomach grumbles
Dilapidated houses with protected gated bars
I applaud your courageousness
God bless you, Ma.

I left you stranded without any given warning
I left you for the American dream and their banknotes
I left you for strange strangers

I have abandoned you, I'll admit
I have neglected you, I'll acknowledge
I do not deserve you, I disclose.

I was formed inside your womb
I was starving to explore
I arrived without any scarring

No heartache
No agony
No self-pity

I'll be back for breakfast.

You overlooked my gospel truth
You overlook my sensitivity
You overlooked my whimper

The emptiness of your life had you judge mine
The fragility of your heart had you broke mine
Perhaps one day, we shall try again.

The power of a dad

Early mornings selling cars
Late at night selling cars
Every weekend selling cars

You would make sure to sell a bicycle if you could on every birthday

If selling has fulfilled you, then
I shall be fulfilled too
I will love you the way,
you love selling cars.

Is my resentment justified?
I've had enough of crying
I've had enough of trying
What do I do with all the lying?

The way you raised me wasn't at fault
The way you played me was
Couldn't justify us clinging onto hope

I
will always,
love you, William!

An absent parent was supposed to be the catalyst to love myself harder
Instead, it was a catalyst
to evolve above the circumstances.
The station in life of being half-loved.

"Allow me to borrow a couple of hundred
You're the businesswoman
I slept on my dreams
I don't plan on attaining my goals
My daughter is my safekeeping
I am privileged under her tutelage."

-Her father.

It is inevitable for our bodies to terminate love
and loyalty
My unbridged lifestyle judged
My beauty condemned
My mental ability mistrusted

Hide me away in my coffin
I have nothing to hide
I have nowhere to hide it.

Responding aesthetically to the people and places
The image monumental and simple
I was quiet, but I was not blind

The heavyweight has been lifted
from my skeletal shoulders
The pretentiousness is no longer rewarded
Our parting is to be mourned.

She is my soul mate because she is the only woman to
ever understand me to the bone and even further
There is nothing more beautiful than
the shelter she has provided for me
She lives gently inside my core and
is gracefully covered in her truth.

I found you through the thicket of laurel
between soil and soul
The light fades and evening falls
I'll meet you at the beach at sunset hour
I need to share my pebbles

Our adventures are exposed
I cannot wait to grow old with you
Imperfect, inebriated and loved
I'll believe you when you say
that you love me.

Wipe the tears
Mom is coming!
She will mock our tears
She will burn our emotions and stop buying us toys
She was once weak and accepted
the love, she thought she deserved

"Do not wipe my tears, I want to feel them on my skin."
-Valentino, aged 6.

The hell was cancer
It had spat our families apart
It was the end of harmony

We lived a peaceful life before
I miss you, grandma
You were our last hope

Father has gone crazy again
I am melting in sorrow
Please come back and play the piano

Your one and only,
Kimber-Lee.

Drown or swim
A coping mechanism
Red wine for numbness
Social media for attention

Your voice for breakfast
Do not come find me
I have run away from my home.

I am looking at you but I do not see you
I have never seen you
They say you show up in our dreams
Who are you to me?

Are you my saviour?
Are you my aid?
Are you my father?
God, is this you?

CHAPTER 3

Love and Living

Unexplored, untravelled, undiscovered.

She wasn't lost.
She didn't lose.
She just hurt.

Explored, travelled and discovered.

She smells like coconut and anxiety
Her lemons are in season
Her depression for a reason
Mint water for lost weight
Cuban rum with strangers
She doesn't belong here.

Despite the forecast,
she finally decided to live like it was spring
She engaged in self-reflection and
detracted herself from inconsistency
Her behaviours are modified and deliberate
For she has finally taken agency of her life.

Digging for an immeasurable truth
Soul searching, ever-expanding
Pondering the underlying nature, we retrieved
our existence, our chaos

Thy will seek and find nothing
Thy will drown in the Pacific
For better or worse,
Allow me to yearn for my individuality.

A blooming perennial who
quit wallowing in self-loathing
A spiritual being faced with provocation
Regaining back her optimism in humanity
Her memories have defined her
as they have consumed her.

Let us be unconstrained by societal norms
The restless urge to be someone,
to be something
Turning our heads to countless thoughts,
then back again where it all began
Allow yourself to inhale humility.

When the story ends, we crash and die
We feel everything as thoroughly severe
We are splintered beneath our feet
Our inner feelings deprived of hope
We are searching for the waterfall

The waterfall is nowhere to be found.

A space so empty, I cannot comprehend

What have I done to deserve this?
Is God punishing me?
How long will it take to be me again?

How long do I have to drown in my tears and agony?
How do I escape?
And if I escape, where would I go?

Will your white tulips save me?

We are the lonely souls who appear in the dark
Dejected in our own worlds
When the sun has set, we bleed out to be saved

Foxy Loxy kept saying, “The sky is falling!”
Let us allow to be rescued
If not for ourselves,
for the people who mutter how much
they love us.

Taunted by the past
Daring in the gibbous phase
She allows healing to take place
A celestial body outside of Earth's atmosphere
Her flowers are blooming again.

Digging for deeper significance
Soul searching
Ever exploding
Pondering the underlying nature of
what could be, what already is

Allow me to retrieve the beauty,
the language of our existence and turmoil
Let us seek and drown for what our
potential has to offer.

I am a woman to be valued, I just forgot
I am a woman to be loved, I just forgot
I am a woman to be served, I just forgot
I was the poetry; how could I forget?

People do not know how to read poetry.

How do we resort to rejection?
Was this the necessary development tool all along?
We are hallucinating,
we are in denial
We have the dreamer's disease
Rejection sure served us well.

Her skin absorbed in paleness
Her hair wilted dry
Her nails bitten and brittle
She is choking on her saliva
If her heart stops beating
do not resuscitate

Back again, she remembers
to draw her last breath.

The truth, the introspection
The miracle, the passion
Don't alienate your madness

Avail yourself within your art
Lodge your art
There is no real escape
The emptiness will always be yours to carry.

Seeking answers from the ocean
Orbiting around the sun for healing
The clock isn't yours;

I cry in the rain
No one can tell
Everyone is too busy crying.

Rip out my collarbone under my skin
Spit it out into the unopened grave you saved for me
Pity me with your thoughts
And put me in the wooden box
Unaware of my own strengths, until now

I thank you.